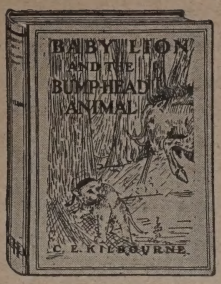

MOTHERS AND FATHERS
Will Enjoy Reading Aloud

Baby Animal Stories

By C. E. Kilbourne

Almost as much as the little folks will enjoy hearing them.

The books were written by a Daddy who told them to his own little girl at bedtime.

They are the size that small people like best and there is a picture in full color opposite each reading page. Interesting facts about the baby animals are cleverly woven into each story.

Baby Elephant and the Zoo Man. The Baby Elephant gets into trouble and out again.

Baby Lion and the Bump-head Animal. The terrible Bump-head Animal chased the Baby Lion but did not get him.

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Baby Polar Bear and the Walrus. The big walrus was very angry. But the Baby Polar Bear liked the little Walrus—and that made a great difference.

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Baby Zebra and the Friendly Rhinoceros. How Papa Zebra kept Baby Zebra and Baby Rhinoceros from the hyenas.

Baby Kangaroo and Lilly Lamb. The old ram and the dog tried to hurt Lilly Lamb, but Papa Kangaroo soon put a stop to it.

Baby Reindeer and the Silver Fox. The Baby Reindeer helped the little Fox, and then Baby Reindeer had to be helped himself.

Baby Dick Duck and the Dangerous Dog. The ducks saved the Pu
drowning and they were good friends ever after.

Baby Buffalo and the Jolly Jack Rabbit. A Jolly Jack R
very big or very brave, but this one certainly h
the Baby Buffalo, to be leader of the herd.

TESTIMONIAL FROM MADAME LOUISE

"At the urgent request of my little daughter, six years of age, I
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At all book stores, or mailed to any a

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THE CASSINO STUDIO

Dept. L. F. 2, SALEM, MASS.

The Christmas Tree is Lighted

By Annette Wynne

THE Christmas tree is lighted
And thru the window glass,
What lovely things are shining
For all the folks that pass.

The tinsel and the candles
And the Christmas star on high,
Oh, a Christmas star shines just as bright
As a star that's in the sky!

The Christmas tree is lighted
O Christmas folks that pass,
Haste not by too quickly,
Peep thru our window glass

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS LIGHTED

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXVII DECEMBER, 1923 NO. 2

THE LITTLE RED ENGINE

By Eva L. Abrams

"SANTA CLAUS, today you *must* hang these engines and little carts out on the line to dry. Tomorrow, I'll have to use the clothesline myself."

Mrs. Santa Claus was really becoming quite impatient with old Santa, who spent so much time running around in his sleigh looking for good children that he never had time to work in the toy shops. If Mrs. Santa and the jolly little elves in the Pixie Paint Shops hadn't looked after him so carefully, poor old Santa would never have had the toys ready for Christmas.

"Well, well, my dear. So I did forget them again. I must hang them up right now," replied Santa, as he picked up one of the toys. "Dear, dear, I've had so much trouble with this little red engine. When I painted it a beautiful red, it rolled off my lap and ran right over to the blue paint can, where it sputtered and fussed until I had to bring it back. I don't see why it wants to be blue. It should be a beautiful, shiny red, because the children love bright colors. Oh, well, I shall hang it up with the rest. Perhaps it will be more contented when it is dried and can run on its own little track."

"Ha-ha, old Santa, I'll be blue some day,
If you won't paint me, I'll just run away.
I know a lot of kiddies, so I do,
Who'd like a little engine painted blue."

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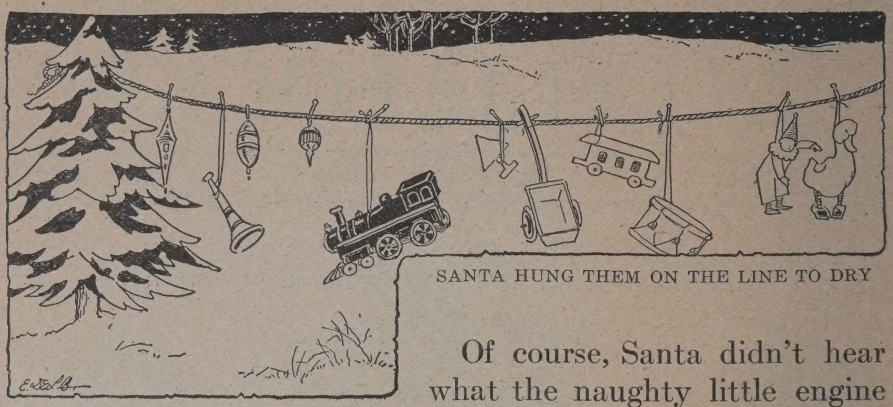


SANTA HUNG THEM ON THE LINE TO DRY

Of course, Santa didn't hear what the naughty little engine said, so he hung it up with the other toys on Mrs. Santa's clothesline and hurried away to the stables to feed the reindeer.

When Santa Claus was out of sight, the little red engine began to wriggle and twist on the line.

"I'm going to run away, so I am,
And keep on running as fast as I can.
If old Santa thinks I'll stay up here,
He is badly mistaken, I fear."

At last the little engine dropped to the ground and when it had turned over onto its wheels, away it ran—far, far away—over the snow-covered hills to a land where snow is never seen—the land of Blue Fairies.

Have you ever heard of the Blue Fairies? No? Then I must leave the little engine for a moment and tell you of these dainty fairy folk who help so much to make our gardens beautiful. The happy little creatures skip from plant to plant, painting all the blossoms that should be blue. Just think, children, if there were no Blue Fairies you might find green violets when you go into the woods in the springtime.

The little elves look like the flowers they paint, for their dainty garments are made from petals of the blue Iris blossom. These little folk are very particular that their clothing shall always be clean and sweet. Every morning the fairy tailors pick fresh flowers and quickly make them into tiny suits and dresses.

Like all fairies, these little people never allow themselves to appear before human beings. If anyone comes near them when they are at work, they hide their heads and cling to the stem of the flower they have been painting. Swaying back and forth in the breeze, they look like tiny blue flowers and no one ever suspects them of being fairies.

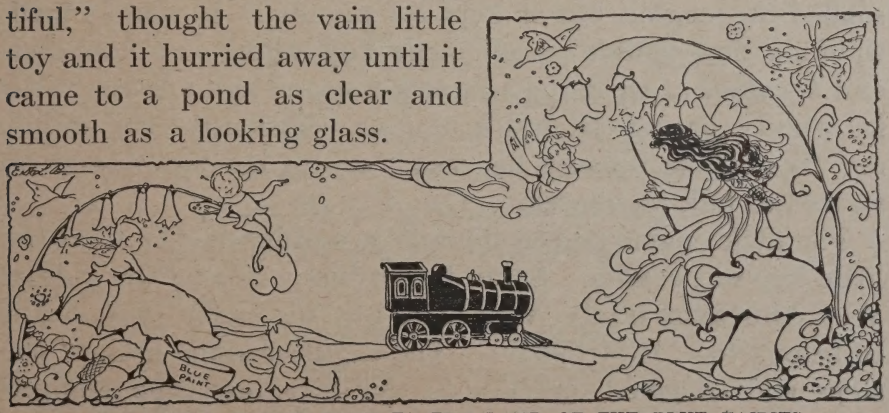
Aren't they wise little people? Of course, accidents will happen, and one time a little boy picked a fairy instead of a flower, but that is quite another story which I shall tell you some other time.

So, it was to this land of sprightly Blue Fairies that the little engine came. The fairies welcomed it gladly for they thought it brought a message from Santa, whom they all loved dearly. When they found that the little engine had come for such a selfish reason, they were sad.

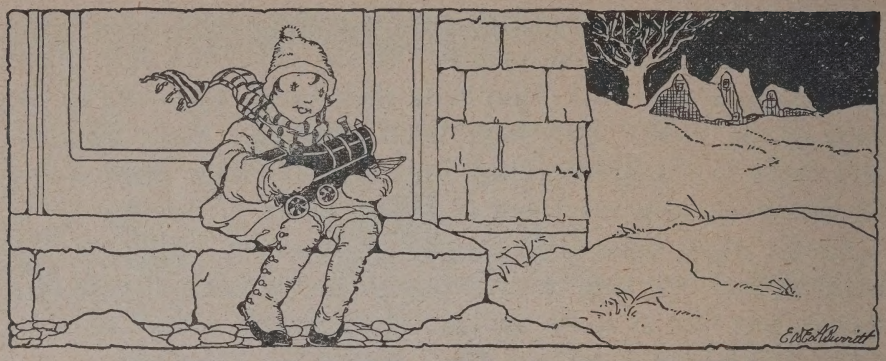
"Little engine," said the Fairy Queen, "we cannot paint you blue. Santa was right. You have been very wicked. Please go back to the Paint Shops. Santa will not have time to make an engine in your place, for tonight is Christmas Eve. Some little child will find only his empty stocking when he awakes tomorrow morning."

The little engine was very angry and didn't feel at all ashamed. It just turned around and ran over to one of the cans of blue paint, which a fairy painter had just mixed. It rolled into the paint and then rolled out again.

"Now I surely must be beautiful," thought the vain little toy and it hurried away until it came to a pond as clear and smooth as a looking glass.



THE LITTLE ENGINE CAME TO THE LAND OF THE BLUE FAIRIES



THE LITTLE BOY STOPPED CRYING AND BEGAN TO SMILE

"Here I can see my wonderful new coat," cried the engine and it leaned over to look at the image in the sparkling water.

"Oh," it shuddered, as it drew back from the pond. "How terrible I look!"

Alas, it was true. The poor little engine was neither a beautiful blue nor a bright red, but a dull, streaked purple, because you know, children, blue and red make purple.

"How foolish I have been!" it cried. "I'm so sorry. I wonder if I can't hurry back to Santa and be painted red again. Then I can go with the rest of the toys and make some little boy happy."

The little engine hurried as fast as it could, but when the sun rose on Christmas morning, it was still far from Santa's workshops.

"Oh, I can't get there in time and I am awfully tired," sobbed the engine, but it kept on running. It was so busy thinking that it didn't see a little boy crying on a door-step and *kerplunk* it went right against the step and fell over with its wheels turning around in the air. The little boy didn't see the engine because his head was in his arms and he started to talk to himself.

The little engine picked himself up and listened to what the little boy was saying. Santa forgot him. Poor little kiddie! Why, this must be the very little boy the engine was meant to belong to. How lovely. The engine crawled around the steps and snuggled up close to the little boy, who stopped

crying and began to smile through his tears. "Oh, Mumsy," he cried, "just see this little engine that can run so fast. I guess Santa didn't have time to bring it, so it came all by itself. Oh, I'm so glad it came. Will you paint it over? I don't like its color!"

"Of course I will, Sammy Boy," said Mumsie, as she took the little engine in the house and prepared to paint it. She scraped off the ugly purple paint and covered it with the pretty red paint which was left after Daddy painted the barn.

Sammy Boy was *so* happy. He danced up and down and could hardly wait until the paint was dry. When the little engine saw how happy it had made Sammy Boy, it forgot it had ever wanted to be blue and sang to itself,

"Oh, I'm so happy I found little Sam,
We'll have as much fun as ever we can.
I'll make him forget I came so late,
And we'll run a race to the garden gate."

THANK YOU, SANTA!

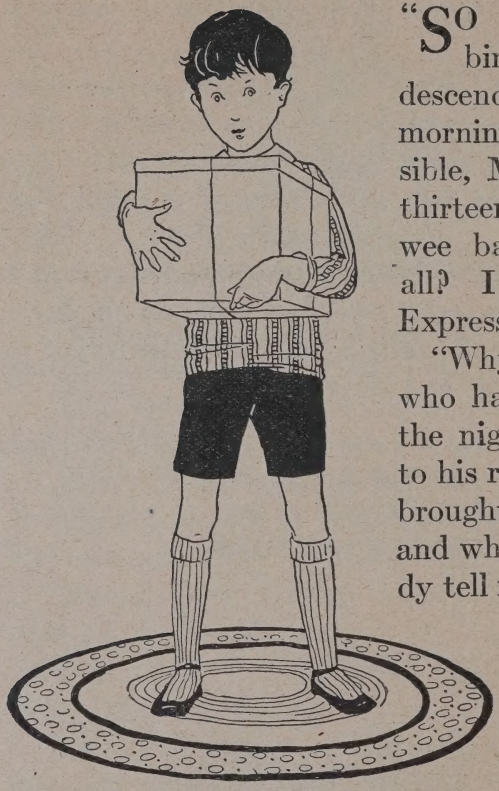
By Annette Wynne

THANK you, Santa, for the tree,
And all the things you left for me;
I should be careful when I play;
I must not break them right away;
I'd like to have them all next year,
When next you visit, Santa dear!

We had the very best of fun,
The children thank you, every one!

POLLY'S BIRTHDAY

By Elizabeth Martin Hunter



"OH GOODY! WHAT IS IT?"

"SO this is Polly's thirteenth birthday," said Mr. Dixon, descending the stairs early one morning. "It doesn't seem possible, Mother, does it, that it is thirteen years since Polly was a wee baby and couldn't talk at all? I well remember the day the Expressman brought her to us."

"Why, Uncle," said little Tom, who had arrived from India late the night before for his first visit to his relatives. "I thought storks brought babies, not expressmen, and why didn't Mother and Daddy tell me that I had a little cousin to play with? I'm eight and that's most as old as thirteen."

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon exchanged smiling glances and then Mr. Dixon, glad of the opportunity to divert the mind of the lonesome kiddie bravely struggling to hide his homesickness for Mother and Daddy, said, "Come here, Sonny, and I'll explain about Polly."

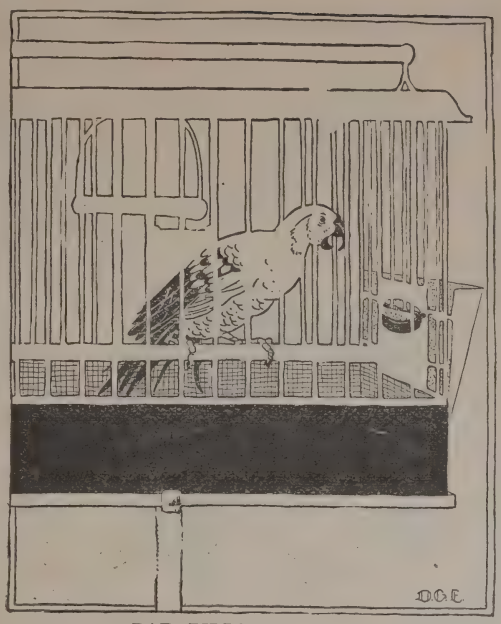
"You see, dear, I think it was this way. When Mother had to go with Daddy 'way into that part of India where it isn't safe to take children, she and Daddy sent you to Auntie and me to be our little boy for awhile. I'm sure she thought it would be nice for you to have a real surprise your first morning. Come and we'll show you Polly. But first you must have a birthday present to take her."

"Oh Goody!" said Tom, "what is it?"

"Wait and see," laughed his Aunt.

Just then a strange sounding voice called out, "Good-morning, pretty birds! Peek-a-boo!"

"Oh," gasped Tom, and his eyes grew round, "How funny my cousin Polly talks, and what made her call us 'birds'?"



BAD BIRD! BAD BIRD!

As he spoke they stepped into a pleasant breakfast room with the golden rays of the May sunshine making an inviting warmth as it shone brightly upon a gilded cage, standing by the window seat.

"Where's Polly," said Tom, looking all around, "I don't see her."

"There," pointed Uncle Bill, "do you like your Cousin?"

"Why, Uncle, that's only a funny big green and yellow bird, that's no Cousin."

"Well, it's Polly, the parrot, and I'm sorry to say the nearest we can come to a cousin this morning, and at any rate she can talk to you."

Tom's birthday package for Polly contained two small boxes; one filled with lovely white sand for the bottom of her cage, for parrots eat sand; and the other, nice new bird seed.

With the giving of the present there began a strange friendship between a small boy and a very knowing parrot. Tom constituted himself Polly's slave and in his unbounded delight that a bird could talk, never wearied of her constant demands, and homesick spells became very rare, indeed.

The last thing at night it was. "Polly wants her coat, good-

THE MAID DROPPED A PLATE

night!' which meant that she was sleepy, too, just like folks, and wanted her blanket spread over the top of her cage, whereupon she would drift off into dreamland, standing on one foot with her head tucked under her wing.

The first thing in the morning, Polly would greet him, "Good-morning, Pretty Bird! Polly wants bread and coffee, Polly wants bread and coffee!" which she would eat with great enjoyment as she watched the family breakfast, often interrupting them with, "Polly wants a drink of water," or "Polly wants bread and coffee," when her own supply was gone.

One morning while serving the table, the maid accidentally dropped a plate and Polly scolded "Bad Bird! Bad Bird!"

The weather grew so nice and warm her cage was often set upon the wide veranda railing.

One day she was left there while the family were away too long a time to please her. On their return she said several times, "I think I caught a cold, I think I caught a cold."

"Oh no! you didn't, you little fraud," laughed Mr. Dixon, "you're only looking for sympathy. It's a lovely warm day."

"Well," defended Tom, "that's the smartest thing I ever heard of!"

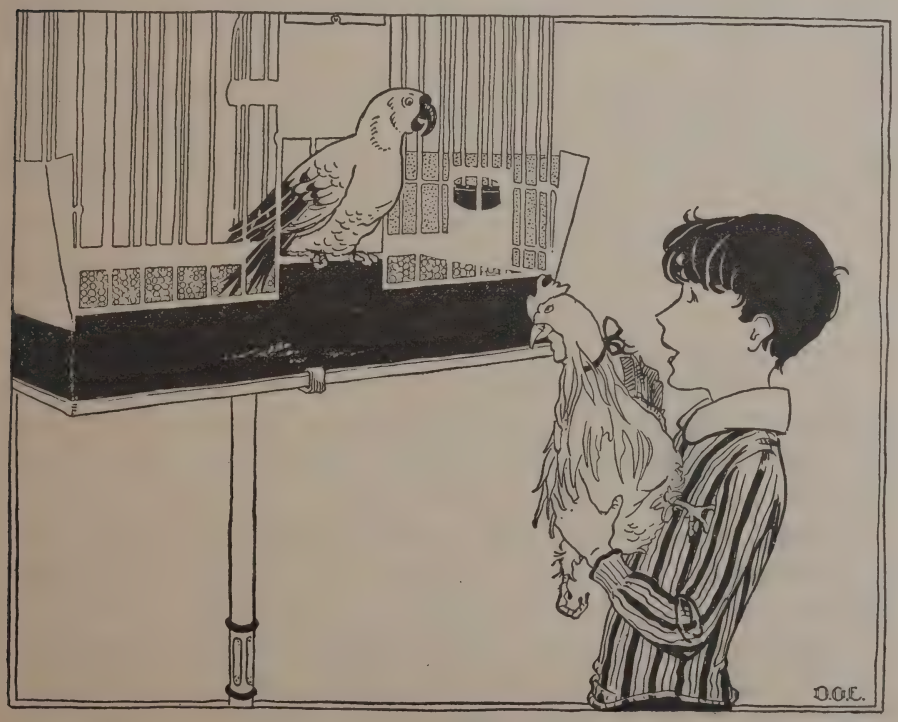
Fourth of July was rapidly approaching and there was a great deal of talk before Polly of taking her with them when they went to the country for the day because the noise of the cannons and firecrackers made her nervous.

Finally, however, it was decided to leave her behind and when the family came to say good-bye, Polly complained, "I thought I was going along."

That almost spoiled the nice day in prospect for Tom, and seeing the clouded face, Uncle Bill said, "Come on Polly! Always glad to oblige the ladies."

They had a wonderful day and Tom, I am sorry to say ate so much popcorn, candy and ice cream, that he was a very sick little boy after they reached home and received much petting in consequence.

Polly observed all this with deepest interest. The next



"I THINK THAT'S A NICE PRETTY POLLY!"

morning she lamented, "I think I'm goin' to frow up! I think I'm goin' to frow up!"

"Poor Polly," comforted Tom, "does your tummy ache, too?"

"Polly wants her tummy scratched, Polly wants her tummy scratched," answered Polly.

"You see, Auntie," said Tom, "Polly remembers that yesterday when she kept saying 'Polly wants her head scratched' I asked her if she wouldn't like me to scratch her tummy for a change instead."

Tom had made friends with a Chicken Fancier in the neighborhood, and on his birthday this man sent him a beautiful white hen with a red ribbon around it's neck.

Tom immediately ran in to show his new pet to Polly who viewed it with head cocked upon one side. Finally she announced, looking very wise, "I think that's a nice pretty Polly."

"Auntie," called Tom, "Polly thinks my hen looks just like her own self."

In the evening Tom often played his own little Victrola, also a birthday gift, and tried to coax Polly to sing, which she utterly refused to do until someone gave him the record

"Three black crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as black could be."

Perhaps Polly felt the kinship of feathers, for at any rate, thereafter, she would often sing, "Three black crows sat on a tree, and they were black as black could be."

It is true her voice was not very musical, but she got the tune after a fashion and no opera star ever received more enthusiastic applause than did Polly, led by Tom and followed by the rest of the family.

By and by winter came and at last, Christmas. Tom often had to swallow a lump in his throat these days as he thought of last Christmas and far-off Mother and Daddy.

Auntie and Uncle hinted of a mysterious surprise package coming with the Christmas tree and at last it really was Christmas Eve!

"WE'VE COME HOME TO STAY"

Uncle Bill threw wide the folding doors, and there, beside a beautiful glistening tree, stood the two presents Tom would have chosen as the best in all the world—Mother and Daddy, with eager smiling faces and outstretched arms!

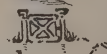
Such loving and such rapturous hugs and kisses!

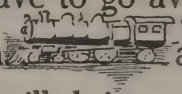
It seemed that neither Mother, nor Daddy, nor Tom could get enough of them!

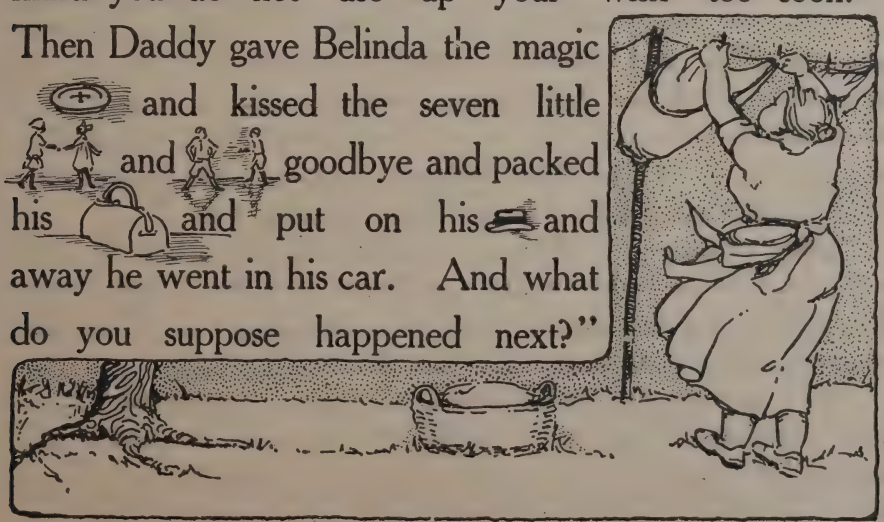
Polly felt dreadfully forgotten and neglected, so she began to sing, "Three black crows sat on a tree."

Everybody laughed and Mother said, "We've come home to stay, Tom dear, and you and Polly need never be separated."

Belinda and the Magic Button

BELINDA was a little with curly and bright who lived in a little with a little and a little  and a little garden and a little and a very large family. had no mother but she had a father and seven little brothers and sisters, and they all had curly and bright and all their names began with B. There were Billy and Bobby and Betsey and Bennie and Barbara and Blanche and the , and Bridget the cook was out in the kitchen. boiled the and baked the and washed the and swept the and fed the and mended the and minded the , and Belinda read her and played with her and was as merry as a little could be. Now one day when Bridget was hanging up the in the garden she cried out, "O-ee! I have a pain in my !" "Have you?" said Belinda. "O-ee! yes!" cried . "And I have a pain in my and a pain in my side and a pain in my and I must go away

at once!" "But who will boil the ?" cried Belinda, "and sweep the and mend the and mind the ?" "O-ee!" said Bridget, "Don't ask me!" and she packed her and put on her and away she went. Then Belinda's father called her. "Belinda dear," he said, "I have to go away on a long journey in a and a  and a and when I come back I will bring you something very nice." "But Bridget has packed her and put on her and gone away and what shall I do while you are gone?" cried . "You will be a grand good and do the best you can," said Daddy. "And I will give you a magic to keep. If you press the and make a wish, the wish will come true. But you can only do it once, so mind you do not use up your wish too soon." Then Daddy gave Belinda the magic and kissed the seven little and goodbye and packed his and put on his and away he went in his car. And what do you suppose happened next?"



SIGLINDA AMONG THE STARS

By Molly Winston Pearson

CHAPTER III

ZOE CLOSED HER EYES

MARIUS had taken up his bird house again and was busily carving one of its cornices to make it prettier; but he looked up from it long enough to say, "And where is Fairyland tonight, Thorn-rose?"

You see this was a game they often played.

Thorn-rose rocked slowly back and forth several times, thinking. "Fairyland tonight," she said at last, "is way up on the tip-top of this very apartment building, on the roof, I mean."

"Pooh!" Marius commented, "I was up there once with Dennis, the carpenter, when he was looking for a leak."

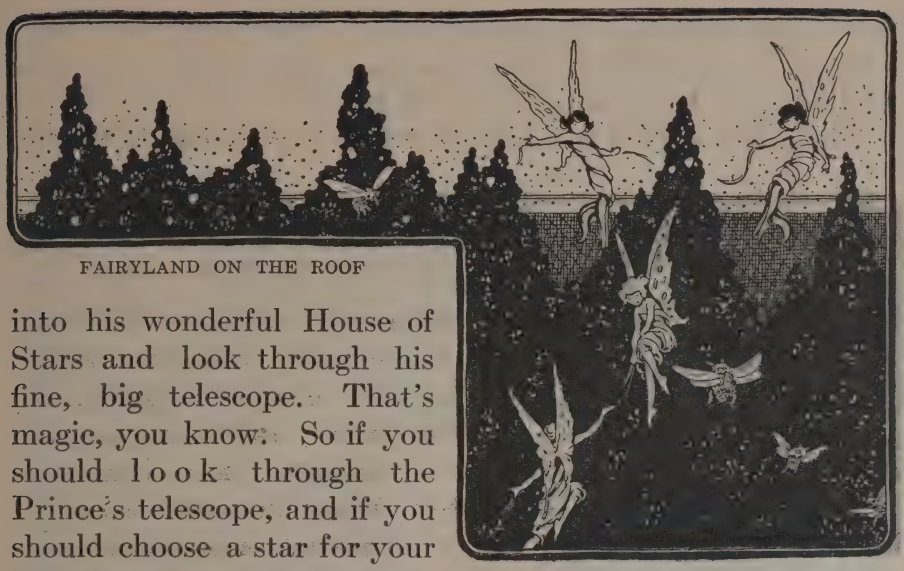
"Oh, were you, Marius?" cried little Siglinda, her eyes sparkling. "What is up there?"

"Nothing, Siglinda," Marius answered, "exactly nothing!"

"Oh, yes, Fairyland is there tonight," corrected Thorn-rose quickly, "and there is a beautiful round silver moon to be seen there, and the North Star and the Dipper and the red star, Mars, and the Dog Star—thousands of other stars are shining so close that little Siglinda almost might take up her little basket and gather a few stars to play with."

"That reminds me," put in Marius, "there is a little glass house up there right in the middle of the roof, and inside there is a big telescope. But you cannot get in to see the stars through it because the door is kept locked."

"That is the wonderful House of Stars," explained Thorn-rose, "which belongs to a beautiful Fairy Prince—and if you could find him at home sometime when the west wind is blowing and the full moon is shining, he would let you come



FAIRYLAND ON THE ROOF

into his wonderful House of Stars and look through his fine, big telescope. That's magic, you know. So if you should l o o k through the Prince's telescope, and if you should choose a star for your own and make a wish on it, your wish would come true! Only think of it!"

Little Siglinda's big brown eyes were growing bigger and bigger. "Oh, Marius," she said, "how do you get up there to the House of Stars?"

"That's easy," Marius replied, holding his bird house out and squinting up one eye to see if his work on it was all right. "You go down the long corridor to the other end, you open the little door there and then you go up some stairs that wind round and round, till you bump your head on a trap door that lifts up, and there you are!"

"Oh, oh!" said little Siglinda, "how exciting it would be to go up there!"

"I tell you there is nothing there," persisted Marius, "nothing at all but the glass house, which is always locked, and a low wall around the edge to keep you from falling off down into the street."

"But Marius, you forget," Thorn-rose cried reproachfully, "Fairyland is up there tonight. There's a full moon shining and the west wind is blowing. Perhaps—who knows—the beautiful Prince is there this minute, looking through his telescope at the stars. Besides, you know, anything you wish to

see will be in Fairyland if you only wish hard enongh to see it."

And Marius looked very much abashed, because, you see, he had quite forgotten to play the game.

There was a little pause while everybody was thinking fast.

"THERE'S A JOLLY LITTLE MARBLE BOY"

Then Zoe laid down her doll's petticoat and closed her eyes.

"I see Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof," she said. "There's lattice-work that runs around the four sides. It it high and vines and flowers are growing there, and they climb up and cover the lattice-work all over all the way to the top. Lovely flower walls of Fairyland! And first one wall is all covered with morning glories—beautiful light blue, dark blue, and pale pink morning glories. The second wall has sweet-peas—noth-

ing but sweet-peas—lovely lavenders and pinks and reddish purples. You cannot imagine how darling they are! And on the wall next to that there are crimson Rambler Roses—just heaps and heaps of them in bloom. I love those the best. The last wall is all honeysuckle, pale yellow like those at our summer cottage at Raspberry Lane."

"Oh, Zoe, how exquisite!" breathed Thorn-rose. "Think of the sweet perfume that floats over Fairyland—from the honey-suckles and all those roses! Could anything be more delightful?"

Then Marius laid down his chisel and closed his eyes.

"At every one of the four corners of Fairyland," he said, "there is a bird house; they have little cupolas on them and carved balconies, but they are all different. One is quite big and the white doves live in that. In another there are blue-birds. One is for robin redbreast and last come the little brown thrushes. The robins have a nest in their house and in it are tiny blue eggs."

"Marius!" exclaimed Thorn-rose," that is enchanting. Think of the lovely bird-songs that make music for Fairyland! One must be so happy there!"

Little Siglinda clapped her hands and closed her eyes.

"At one end of Fairyland," she said, "there are hives for the bees, and thousands of them live there. And when the birds sing, the bees hum just like the big base viol in my Daddy's orchestra. And one day the bees make rose honey—they all fly together to the crimson Rambler Rose wall and stay there all day. The next day they all fly to the honey-suckle wall and make honeysuckle honey and that's the best honey of all. They make so much honey out of all those flowers on the walls that there is plenty for the baby bees and all the fairies, too. But the butterflies get their own honey—there are lots of butterflies in Fairyland, little white and yellow ones, and big black and orange ones, and red and blue ones.

"They sleep in the morning glories every night, and the morning-glories shut up tight to keep the butterflies warm.

But in the morning early, they all wake up and fly to the sweet-peas to get their honey for breakfast."

"Of course," said Thorn-rose, "it would not be Fairyland without the bees and the butterflies, would it?" And how comforting it is to think that the sweet-peas keep their honey for the butterflies and that the bees can get more than they need from the roses and honeysuckle."

"Oh, I forgot to say," put in Marius, hastily, "that there is a fountain up there. There is a jolly little marble boy—he is holding a big fish in his arms and the water of the fountain spouts up in the air from the mouth of that big fish, and then it falls back into a round pool. When the sun shines the fountain is full of rainbows. All the birds from the bird houses drink there and have their baths in the pool."

Zoe had waited breathlessly for Marius to finish, then she began, "You know there can't be any trees in Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof because the roots of the trees go way down, down ever so far, and we really wouldn't want any big roots of trees coming down into our drawing-room, or the nursery here. But there are trees in Fairyland just the same. They are little orange trees like the ones Mamma sings about on our new record, and they grow in green tubs—quite charmingly, I assure you. One can see the little golden oranges shining among the leaves. It's very comfortable and shady for the birds of a hot day, though they make their nests in the bird houses of course, because way up there, so high, the wind would blow their nests right out of the orange trees."

Little Siglinda interrupted her, "I want to hear about the fairies that live in Fairyland-up-on-the-Roof."

(To be continued)

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

HOW on Earth did the fiction grow
That Santa Claus is a man? Ho, ho!
Santa Claus is a *woman*. There!
I make the assertion fair and square
And you can blazon it everywhere.

How do I know that the thing is true?
'Tis simple enough. I'll leave it to *you*.
Who knows what you want for Christmas? Say!
Is it a man who goes away
Right after breakfast and stays all day?

Or is it a woman who's always by
With the light of love in her watching eye?
Why, a Santa Claus *man* would bring white rats
To a girl whose chief delight was cats,
And books to a boy who wanted bats!

And the Christmas Stocking—can you dream
That a man conceived that clever scheme?
A *man* would have got a clumsy box
And bothered with nails and screws and locks,
Or, at the best, would have hung up *socks*.

And then the name! Who ever heard
Of a man named "Santy?" It's absurd.
But every one knows how little folks name
A dear friend "Auntie," just the same
As though they really had kinship's claim.

And so it happened that people came
To think 'twas really her given name;
And this, by a natural error was
Altered into "Santie" just because
She was known as *"Mrs. Auntie Claus."*

HOW CHRISTMAS WAS SAVED

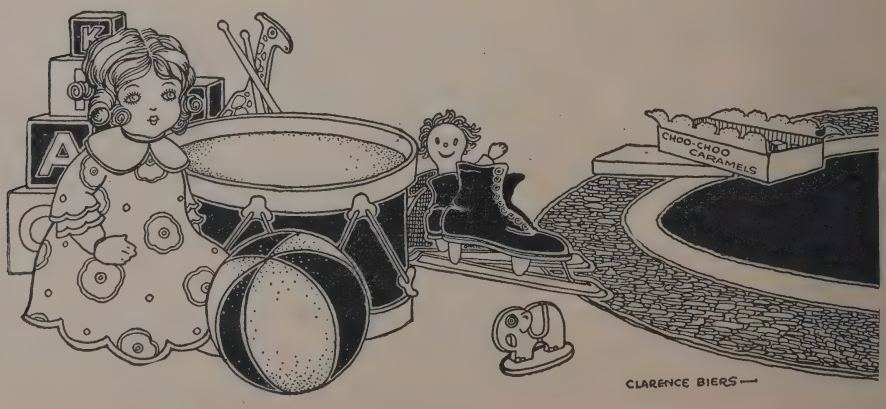
By W. R. Terhune

ONCE upon a time Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa and, of course, little Jimmie Claus lived away off in Story Book Land just as they do now; but they weren't nearly so busy then as they are these days.

It was only when the busy season came on that Santa rushed around and scarcely took time to eat. Mrs. Santa hurried through her housework in order to help him. Little Jimmie was allowed to feed the reindeer, polish the silver buckles of their harness and to sort out the bells, while Santa fashioned drums and dolls and skates and little dishes and—and everything little boys and girls like. Mrs. Santa read them and made lists of what the boys and girls were asking for. Santa worked late into the night and was really growing thin, for him, from eating in such a hurry and working so hard.

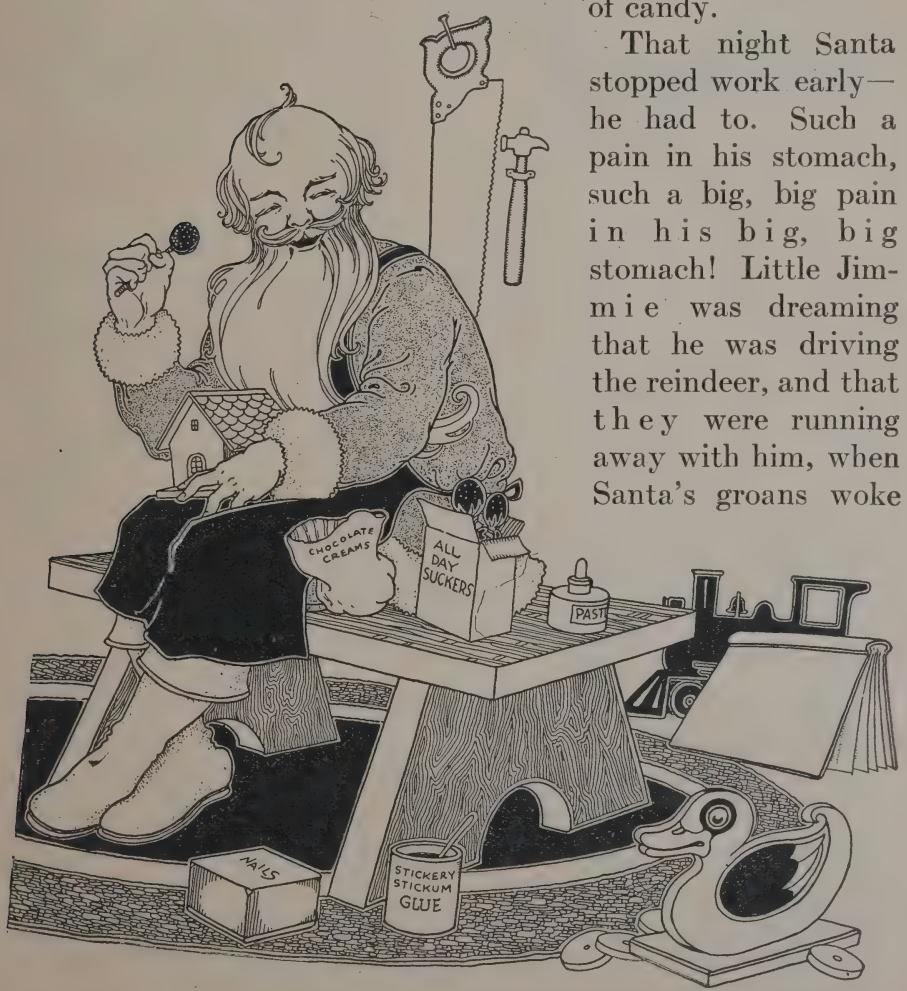
One day, Mrs. Santa came into the workshop with a basket of letters and a grand idea. "Oh, Santa!" she cried. "What is the use of your killing yourself over these toys? Let's get help for you."

Santa roared with laughter. "Oh, ho! ho! How funny! Now, Mother," he said, you're the finest cracker-jack maker in the world, and you can make even an ugly doll look pretty,



but you just don't understand this business." Here Santa crammed two caramels into his mouth. "This is important. I wouldn't disappoint the children"—another caramel—"for the world. They depend on me and if I hired other people to work for me—give me a chocolate cream, Jimmie—besides, oh, dear, where could I get any help?" Here he popped two more chocolates into his mouth and had to stop talking.

"Santa, you'll be sick, if you don't leave that candy alone. Oh, dear, that reminds me. I left some cracker-jack on the stove." Mrs. Santa rushed away while Santa finished a box of candy.



That night Santa stopped work early—he had to. Such a pain in his stomach, such a big, big pain in his big, big stomach! Little Jimmie was dreaming that he was driving the reindeer, and that they were running away with him, when Santa's groans woke

DR. STOPPIT CAME RUNNING

him. His moans and groans kept growing louder and louder until they almost shook the chimney down. Mrs. Santa ran here and there with plasters for his feet, but the groans groaned on. Then Mrs. Santa telephoned for Dr. Stoppit.

"Oh, doctor, come right away! Santa is dying."

Dr. Stoppit came running so fast that he ran around Santa's house three times before he could slow down enough to go into it.

When he came into Santa's room, he said, "What a racket! He must be very, very sick."

Then Dr. Stoppit asked Mrs. Santa for cotton to put in his ears so he could hear himself think. Mrs. Santa hunted all over the house but failed to find any, and Santa's groans grew louder and louder. At last, Jimmie suggested that she might find some in the workshop on the bench where the rabbits were stuffed. Sure enough—how easy! "Here it is, Dr. Stoppit."

Dr. Stoppit stuffed his ears with cotton and put on his big spectacles so as to look as wise as he really thought he was. Then he thumped Santa and turned him over.

"This is serious. Very, very serious. Very, very, very serious. Mrs. Santa, have you any cocoanut cake?"

Mrs. Santa had.

"Have you any lemonade?"

Mrs. Santa had.

While Dr. Stoppit was making pills out of the cocoanut cake and pouring the lemonade into a bottle, Santa was moaning and groaning. "Oh, my tummy, my tummy, my tummy!"

Jimmie peeped in at the door and Mrs. Santa ran to close it.

"Jimmie Claus, don't you come near this room. You'll be down next. Oh, dear, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Then Dr. Stoppit spoke. Keep him in bed for six weeks and

don't let him eat anything. Give him one of these pills every four minutes, and lemonade through a straw—through a straw, mind you, every six minutes. He needs about a peck of pills a day. He is so big, and so is his stomach! Very serious, very serious! It's a good thing you sent for me just when you did. Good night! I'll be back in the morning."

When Dr. Stoppit came out on the porch, he found a crowd of villagers, who had heard Santa's groans. Red Riding Hood and Simple Simon and Jack, who climbed the bean-stalk, were there. And the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe was there, too. She was sure she could relieve Santa's pain, for her children had been sick so much that she had become quite a nurse.

"No," said Dr. Stoppit. "You can't go in. This is contagious. Your children might take it. THEN what would you do?"

Dr. Stoppit was busily tacking a big card to Santa's house, as he spoke. It read:

KEEP OUT

STOMACH ACHE

You ought to have seen that crowd scamper away from there. They were so afraid of catching Santa's trouble!

Mrs. Santa stayed up all night and gave Santa the cake pills and by morning he was well; but as Dr. Stoppit had ordered him to stay in bed six weeks, of course, he had to stay there. Santa didn't mind that so much for he had lost so much sleep, but he was worried about his work. Christmas was nearly there and almost no toys finished. What could he do?

"If we could only get help!" groaned Santa.

"BLESS THE CHILD!"

Little Jimmie had sneaked into the room with an all-day-sucker in his mouth. He took it out to say, "Let's—yum, yum,—let's advertise—yum, yum,—in the newspaper."

Mrs. Santa nearly jumped out of her chair at the idea.

THE ELVES AND FAIRIES CAME

"Bless the child!" Of course, we'll advertise. And I will direct the work. Stop worrying, Santa, and go to sleep."

The next day all the villagers read:

> Wanted:
> Help! Help! for Santa Claus. Good wages and plenty of candy for good workers. Apply at Santa's house. Phone 987654321.

Did the help come? Oh, did it? Plenty of it. But not from the villages. The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe was too busy with her children, to help. Bo Peep had lost her sheep again. She and Little Boy Blue were searching for them. Red Riding Hood was afraid of the Wolf and Simple Simon said he didn't like candy, anyway, nothing but pies.

But the help came. That very night, just at midnight, Santa's telephone rang. Mrs. Santa ran to answer it and Santa heard her say, "Yes, this is Santa's house. Yes, we need workmen. Who did you say it was? Oh, yes, I know. Wait a minute till I speak to Santa."

"Papa," she said, "It's Tinkum Tee speaking. The elves and fairies want to come and work for us. They have read our "ad" in "The Snowdrift News." But they can work only at night. What shall I say?"

"Say 'yes,'" shouted Santa. "We can sleep during the day."

"Yes! Yes!" Mrs. Santa was at the phone again. "When can you come?"

"In six minutes and fourteen seconds," answered Tinkum Tee. It seemed only a minute and fourteen seconds instead of six, till Tinkum Tee and seventy-seven other elves and Moss Rose and thirty-three other fairies came climbing through the windows. Mrs. Santa started to tell them what was needed but they were already so busy and so noisy with saw and plane and hammer that they didn't hear her. Tinkum Tee and his elves built sleds and tool-boxes and bicycles and airplanes for the boys. Moss Rose and her fairies curled the dolls' hair, painted their cheeks, trimmed their hats and made the loveliest doll-dresses.

Mrs. Santa made the candy for the stockings, but it kept her jumping; the elves, greedy things, ate so much of it.

So the weeks passed and the store-room was soon filled with the toys for the Good Children Who Hang up Their Stockings on Christmas Eve. On every seventh present Tinkum Tee wrote his name and on every third gift Moss Rose wrote hers. They didn't tell Santa about it—only little Jimmie—and of course, he wouldn't tell.

Yes, six weeks rolled by and Santa was well. Dr. Stoppit came on Christmas Eve and took down the sign just in time for Santa to make his usual trip. Wasn't it lucky?

Santa found the elves and fairies had made such lovely toys, that he asked them to keep on working for him. And Tinkum Tee, who loves his mischief, writes his name on every seventh gift and Moss Rose puts her name on every third gift.

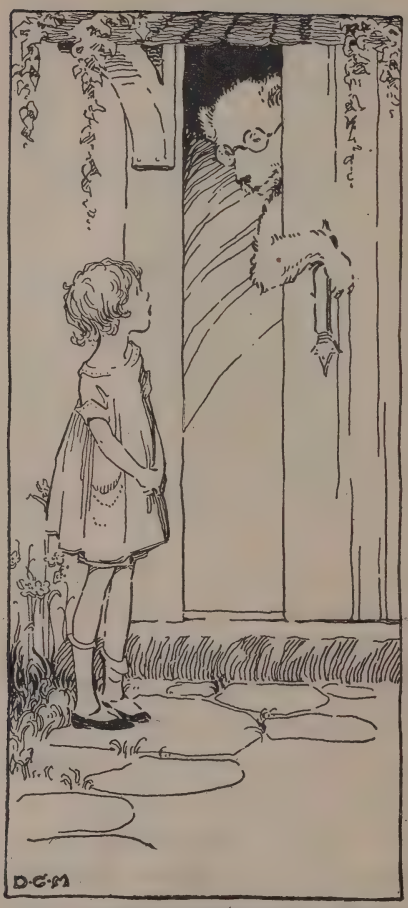
So—if you look very, very closely at your gifts that Santa has brought you, next Christmas morning, perhaps you will find one of those names on them—and perhaps you won't.

MARY'S MOON TRIP

By Gloria Mossman

(Aged 9 years)

PART II



THE WISE BEAR OPENED THE DOOR

TO hear that the ladder was broken and she could never leave the moon was a terrible shock to little Mary. To remain always among bears who had once been people and never see her mother again! What could she do? She had read of a lost boy who had drowned himself in a well, so she thought she had better run off and search for a well.

While the bears were excited about the fallen ladder, she slipped away without even telling the King she had had a nice time. She kept walking until at last she came in sight of a little house. As she had seen no signs of a well, she decided to inquire here as to where she could find one. Now, although Mary did not know it, she was stopping at the home of the Wise Bear. Just as she lifted the knocker, she heard the bears coming behind a bend in the road, so she let it fall with a loud clang.

"I do not want you to leave me" cried the King as he came nearer, "but—er—ah—if you will go, er—er—find my sons, Black and White!"

"I will try to find them," Mary had just time to say when

the Wise Bear opened the door and invited her in. Mary at once asked where she could find a well.

"What do you want with a well on the moon?" asked the Wise Bear.

"I want to drown myself in it," said Mary, moving uneasily.

"There are no wet wells on the moon, only dry ones. I am the Wise Bear and I know. They are called 'wonder wells,' because so many wonderful things have happened to the persons who have let themselves down into them. There is one of them right back of my house in the thick wood. You can let yourself down in a large bucket on a rope which is there for that purpose."

So Mary said good-bye to the Wise Bear and went out into the thick dark forest where she walked until she came to the well. Quickly she got into the bucket and lowered herself into the dark depths. The bucket went down very, very slowly and, as Mary had nothing to do, she thought she would try to make herself look a little better. Her dress which had been clean and pretty for the picnic, was now very dirty and wrinkled. She peeped into her pocket and gave a cry of joy for there was a nice clean handkerchief. She took it out and began to look around for some water, then she laughed for it seemed very funny to be down in a well without any water.

"I wonder what I'll do," she said aloud, "I'm very thirsty, too. Oh!"

The bucket had landed with a bump in a large stone hall that was dimly lighted by oil lamps on polished silver stands. Mary got out of the bucket with a bound, for her legs ached from sitting in that cramped position with her feet doubled under her.

"I don't see why they need all these lamps, for the stands give light enough," she remarked as her eyes became used to the light. She walked on down the hall until she came to a door on which was written:

John Unwisebear

"Dear me," thought Mary. "First a Wise Bear, now an unwise one! Well, I may as well go in and ask where I can find Black and White."

She listened and was surprised to hear talking and shuffling of feet. Then she rapped on the door several times but no one came to answer. At last, the voices stopped and the door was opened by an old bear.

"Good-bye," he greeted her.

"But I'm not going," she said in surprise. "I'm after two boys."

"Oh, I see, you're after ten cows! Well, let me see! I went past ten monkeys day before tomorrow, is that what you are hunting for?" asked the Unwisebear.

"I said two boys!" said Mary politely.

"Oh, three trees. Well, let me see! There are three trees in week days!"

"Stop trying to be funny," said Mary impatiently.

"What did you say? Oh, I see. You want an apple! Well, I have a dog, won't that do as well?"

Mary was almost crying now. Suddenly a bright thought came to her.

"Do you know where the ten cows are?"

"The two boys —"

Shouts and cries came from the closed door across the room.

"Those are my calves," explained the Unwisebear.

"Oh, I would like to see them," said Mary, for she knew the sounds she heard did not come from calves.

The Unwisebear led her into the house and unlocked a door from which came the cries. Two handsome boys sprang out.

"Oh, White, aren't you glad to be out?"

"I should say I am, Black!"

"Are you boys named Black and White?" asked Mary.

The boys turned and stared at Mary.

"We are called that!"

"The Bear King's sons?" went on Mary.

"Yes," they replied looking at her in surprise. "How did you ever hear of us?"

"WE CAN EASILY FIND OUR WAY HOME"

"The Bear King told me to try and find you."

They were so curious that Mary told them her story, how she got to the moon, how the ladder fell, and how she could never see her mother again. The boys were very sorry for her, also very grateful to her for rescuing them, for the Unwisebear thought they were calves and treated them as such.

"I'm glad for your sakes," said Mary, "but don't you want to go back to your father?"

"Yes," they answered quickly.

Mary led them to where the bucket still lay on the floor beside the shining tables.

"There, you nice boys," she said. "Get right in and you will soon be in the woods back of Wisebear's house.

"If we can get there," cried both boys, "we can easily find our way home!"

Mary felt sad as she watched them disappear in the bucket.

"They are such nice boys, I knew their families must have

been nice," she thought. "Mother wouldn't care because I talked with them and—"

She broke off with a scream for something cold and wet struck her on the cheek. Bump, she fell on something soft, then sat up and stared about.

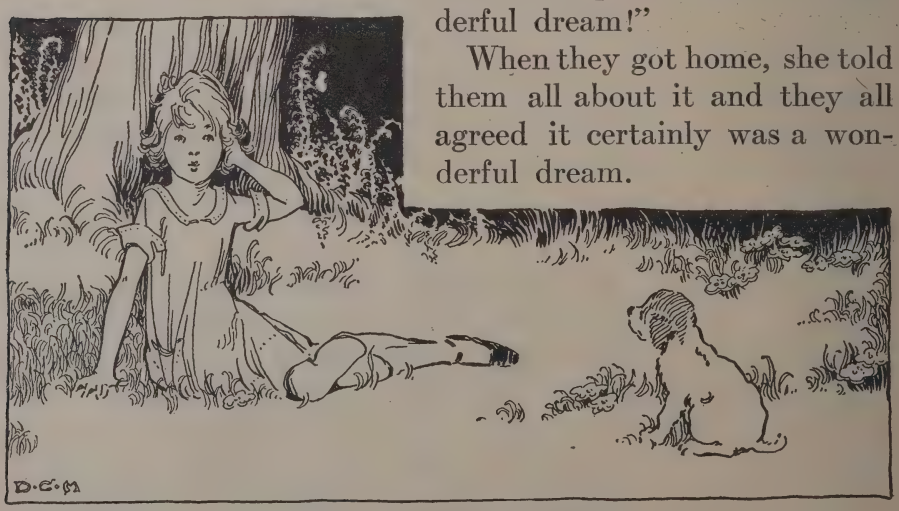
Why, she was sitting on the soft green moss in the little green tent and there was a cute little puppy dog trying to lick her face. Then she realized it had all been a dream, that Moon Bear, the King, and Black and White were not real.

"Oh, you dear little puppy to wake me up!" she cried, rocking him in her arms. And to think it was only a dream! But where are all the girls? It's getting dark and cold and I'm afraid!"

Quickly she pushed her way through the bushes. No one was in sight. She ran to the road and called as loud as she could. Then she heard the sound of carriage wheels and there were her father and mother and sister come to look for her. The girls could not find her and they had hurried home to tell Mary's parents that she was lost.

"Oh, mother," sobbed Mary, safe in her mother's arms. I fell asleep and had a "wonderful dream!"

When they got home, she told them all about it and they all agreed it certainly was a wonderful dream.



"OH, YOU DEAR LITTLE PUPPY!"

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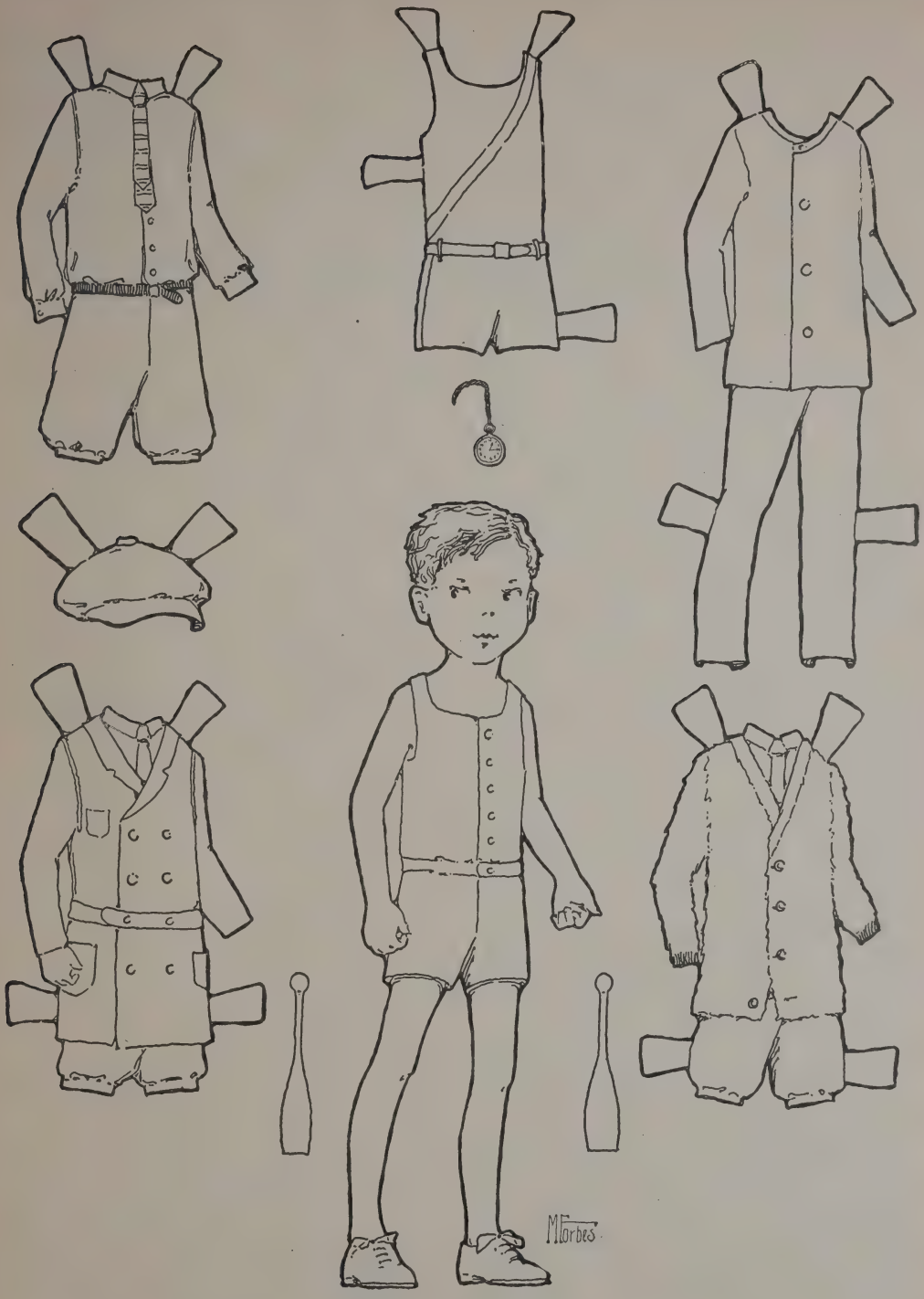

LITTLE KENNETH ALLEN

(See page 90 for directions and story)

LITTLE FOLKS WORLD NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

Dear Little Folks:

If you could see the letters that have come to Little Folks from the ambassadors of all the countries of the world, to whom I have written, you would be so eager to get acquainted.

But already many of you have written to join the World Neighborhood Club, and I shall have my hands full in sending you the names of the children to whom you are to write and forwarding your first letters to them.

I think it would be a very good idea, when you write to your first little World Neighbor, to write him, or her, something that you know about the country to which he or she belongs—or something you have read about some great man who was born in that country.

Remember that it is not kind to boast about your own cauntry because to each of us our own country is dearest—and the object of the World Neighborhood Club is to get acquainted and to learn about each other. Wait until they ask you about your country before you write a great deal about it. Let them know that you wish to know something about their lives and what they play and study, and what pets they have, and what church they go to, and whether they have brothers and sisters. They will be sure to ask you questious, too!

You know this world of ours is a very small part of the universe, and so everybody in the world is really just a member of a family of the universe—the Human Family.

In order that Little Folks readers may know more about the Human Family, I have decided to have Someone tell you the Story of the World. It is a very marvelous story, and not an easy one to tell in such a way that you will understand it and love to read it.

A Messenger—a girl who loves Little Folks dearly—went to see a famous historian and ask him if he would do it—and he said he could not. He said that he could write The Story of the World so that men could understand it and like to read it—but he would not try to write it for you.

And so we have hunted—and at last, Miss Massey, the girl who has helped the Neighborhood Club so much, met a man who said he just knew he could tell you this story. And he has been all over the world and studied and he has a little son of his own—and I know that you are going to love what he writes—and love him for writing it.

His name is Commandant Edward C. Hamner, of the United States Navy, and his Story of the World will begin in the January Little Folks' Neighborhood Club.

To join the World Neighhorhood Club, you have only to write a letter to a boy or girl of another country than the United States of America. You may begin it "Dear Little Neighbor in———;" fill in the name of the country to which you wish your letter to be sent.

Then enclose this letter in an envelope addressed to

THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD
NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB,
Little Folks Magazine,
Salem, Mass.

and enclose in the same envelope a letter to me saying:

"It is my desire to be a good Neighbor, kind and not greedy, interested and understanding, so that I may learn to love my neighbor as myself."

Enclose postage, five cents, for any country except England or Canada.

After a while you will receive a letter from your little World Neighbor, which you may answer, of course. If you think the letter would interest other Little Folks, you may send it to me and it may be published in the Club pages.

"Merry Christmas!" And this year remember to sing the old, old Christmas song, "Peace on Earth! Goodwill to Men!"

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE

Binkie was just a baby dog, when Annabel, his little mistress, had a birthday, and two new dollies, Rosabel and Dinah Bell for birthday presents. Binkie didn't know any better and he liked Rosabel so well that he played with her and then hid her away and forgot where he hid her. Then Dinah Bell was lost, and poor Annabel couldn'tfind either of her Bell dolls. So her nurse and aunt bought new dolls. Annabel did have such bad luck with dolls, that summer! As fast as new dolls came, something happened and they were lost — often Binkie was to blame — he was such a little thoughtless doggy, though, that Annabel couldn't be cross at him.

But Binkie grew older and when summer was past, he saved Annabel's last doll, Arabel, from the upholstery man, who was about to stuff a chair with her! And Annabel was so grateful to Binkie that he went right on and helped her find dolls — all the dolls that had been lost, in the queerest places. You must read the book, though, for it is a charming story by Margaret Widdemer.

Binkie and the Bell Dolls can be bought in any store, or of The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. It has many pictures in beautiful colors.

Did you know that Charles Dickens wrote a fairy tale, called *"The Magic Fishbone,"* all about a king and queen, who "had nineteen children and were always having more?"

The story is about Princess Alicia, who took care of all the family, and about the good Fairy Grandmarina.

It is a funny fairy tale and will make you laugh and laugh. And it has been made into a charming book, with pictures in color by F. D. Bedford. You can buy it at bookstores, or of the publishers, Frederick Warne & Co., N. Y.

A good-sized book, *"Forty Famous Fairy Tales,"* contains over forty of the best tales of the world. Many of them are very well-known, and others, such as "Conn'a and the Fairy Maid" may be quite new to some of us, though they are not new to the countries from which they came. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers, but the book may be bought at any bookstore.

"Merrimeg" is the story of a little girl who "Sometimes was good and sometimes was naughty. But she was always merry." Nibby and Malkin were two gnomes, who lived underground, not far from the house of Merrimeg. And how Merrimeg met them, and what they showed her are all told in the book, called *"Merrimeg"* which is published by Macmillan, New York. William Bowen wrote it for his own seven-year old Majory Ann Bowen. You may buy it at any bookstore, or order it by mail of the publishers.

In *"Guld, the Cavern King"* you may read how the King of the Kobalds leaves his throne to his little son, Guld, while he is still a child, and how Guld becomes acquainted with the children of his people and rules them by kindness, so that, at last, he leads them out of their dark underground homes to live in the sunlight. It is a well told story by Mary L. B. Branch, and is prettily illustrated by Maude and Miska Petersham. The book was published by the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, for The Bookship for Boys and Girls, Boston. It may be bought at any bookstore.

"Baldy of Nome" is the story of a real

(*Continued on page 90*)

HELPERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

WHEN Santa Claus started to be Santa Claus there were not nearly so many children as there are now, oh, not nearly! And so Santa Claus and his wife and elves were able to do all the planning and delivery of gifts without any help except what fathers and mothers did.

But now there are thousands and thousands more children than there were in the old days and Santa Claus needs helpers, for there are many, many children who have no fathers nor mothers at all, and these children need a Merry Christmas and toys even more than children who have mothers and fathers.

This is a true story about a little girl who had no parents. Mary Margaret was her name, and she was a pretty little girl of twelve when the story begins. She was really a very pretty child with big brown eyes and light curly hair, but there was something strange about Mary Margaret. She never laughed.

And the reason she never laughed was because she never had anything to laugh about and she didn't know how. All her life she had lived in an orphan asylum and she couldn't remember anything but the orphan asylum, where all the days were almost exactly alike, except visiting days, when a few aunts or uncles or brothers or cousins came to see a few lucky children. Sometimes on those days a visitor brought candy, which the lucky children shared with the others, but there never was enough to go around.

Mary Margaret did a good bit of thinking about those visitors and she made up her mind she would have a visitor herself if it could be arranged. She knew only one way to get what she wanted and that was to pray for it.

Mary Margaret had been taught that if she prayed for a thing she wanted very much, and if it were right for her to have it, and God were pleased with her, the request would be granted.

One sunny morning there came a loud rap on the knocker of the big door of the orphanage; Sister Sophia, who opened it, saw a big handsome boy standing there.

"Good morning, Sister," said he, smiling a bit anxiously, "I have come to see Mary Margaret."

"Oh," said Sister Sophia, "I'm sorry, but it is not a visiting day. You cannot

(*Continued on page 87*)

HELPERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

(*Continued from page 86*)

see any of the children except on a visiting day, and there will not be another visiting day for nearly a month, Some orphanages allow visitors only once in three months, but we have the first Wednesday of each month for visiting day."

The big boy looked sober and he said, "But Mary Margaret is my little sister and I have not seen her for ten years. I cannot wait until visiting day."

Then Sister Sophia saw that the big boy looked like Mary Margaret.

"I did not know that Mary Margaret had a brother, but we will talk to the Mother Superior about it," said the Sister.

"If you will ask the Mother Superior she will remember that Mary Margaret had a brother," said the boy, with tears in his eyes.

So the Sister opened the door and told the boy to wait, and she went to find the Mother Superior.

"Yes," said the Mother Superior, Mary Margaret had an older brother and a sister, and they were all separated and sent to different asylums. And Mary Margaret may certainly see her brother, even though it is not a visiting day."

So Sister Sophia went and found Mary Margaret in the playground.

"Have you been a good girl, Mary Margaret" she said.

"Yes," said Mary Margaret. "I have just finished a Novena."

"For what was the Novena, Mary Margaret?"

"For somebody to call for me in the reception room, Sister Sophia."

"Run in and put on your hair ribbons and wash your hands and face, for somebody is waiting for you in the reception room now."

Then Mary Margaret *laughed*, and ran and tied on her hair ribbons and changed her play shoes to her Sunday shoes. And she laughed all the time she was doing it and she ran down stairs laughing.

And you can imagine how happy was the big brother when he saw his little sister standing laughing in the doorway!

He held out his arms and said:

"So you are my little sister, Mary Margaret LaCroix, and I am your brother Joseph."

(*Continued on page 90*)

MOTHERS

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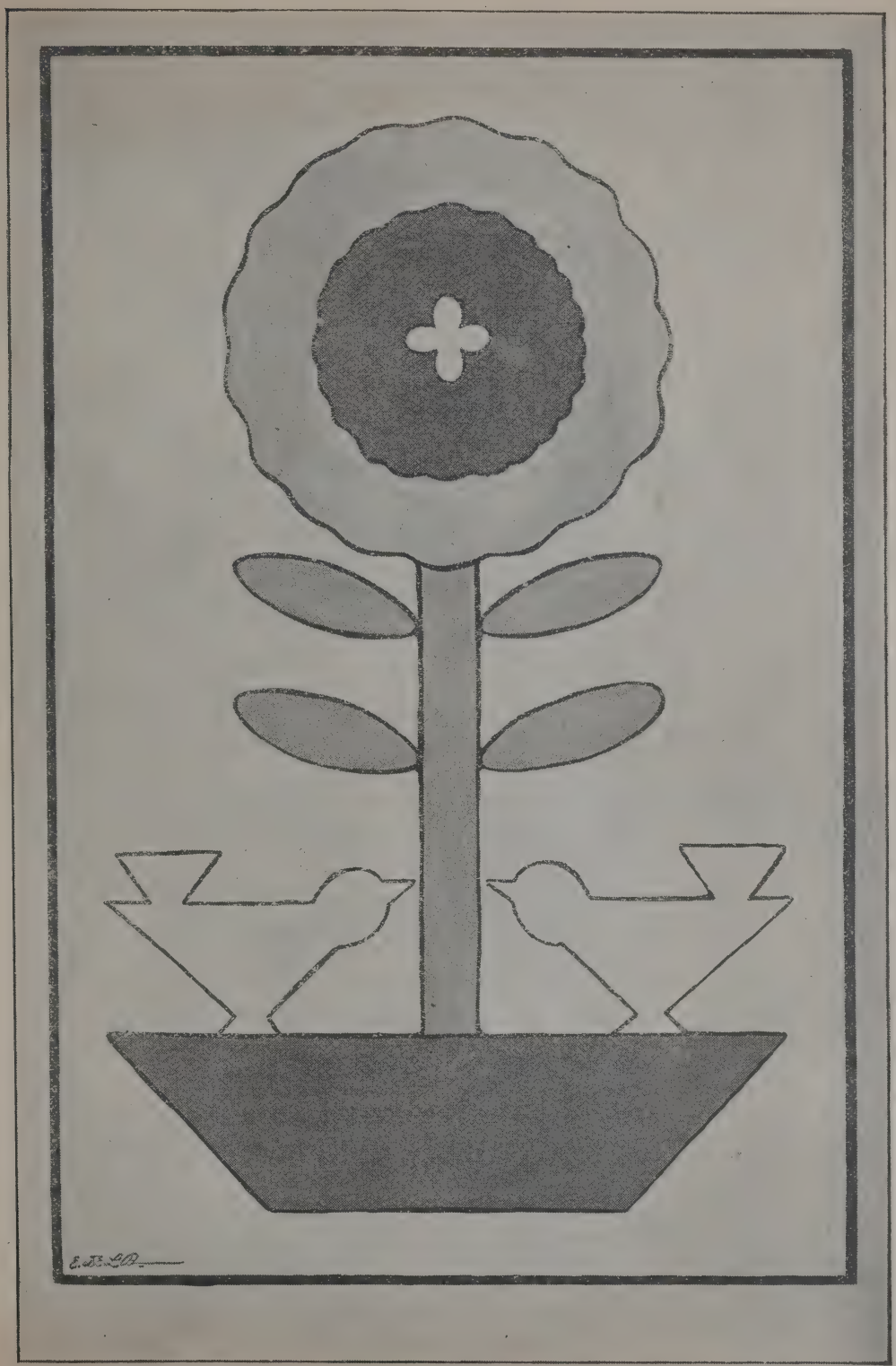


(Look on page 87 to find out how to make a beautiful colored Flower Poster)

LITTLE FOLKS BOOKCASE

(*Continued from page 85*)

dog. The story tells how he was bought to help Ben, his owner, how he became a racing dog, how he saved the life of his mistress and became the leader of his team. Baldy's sons and grandsons served in the war and were given Croix de Guerre. The book is by Esther Birdsall Darling and is illustrated in color by Hattie Longstreet Price. The Penn Publishing Co. will mail it to you for two dollars and a half, or you may purchase it at your nearest bookstore.

Be sure to tell Santa Claus that you'd like to know *"The Friendly Adventures of Ollie Ostrich,"* which Janet Lewis wrote down for little boys and girls of four to seven. A little girl named Sallie, who had studied Manual Training, one day took some wood and some sandpaper and a stout knife and some paint, and she made a wooden ostrich. Now when Ollie was put out on the porch to dry, he decided to walk off the porch and see the world for himself. And he did. And the book tells all about him. Doubleday Page & Company are the publishers, and the book is on sale wherever books for children are sold.

LITTLE FOLKS PAPER DOLL

Little Kenneth Allen, who is in Little Folks this month, is a best friend of Johnny and Don. Ken is a fine runner and he has started a track team in the third grade. His father gave him his running suit (which is at the top of the page) for Christmas. It has a white blouse with a red strip across the front, and the trousers are red with white down the side. Ken got his first watch, too, and if he takes good care of this one, father is going to get him a better one when he is older. The Indian clubs are great fun to swing, Ken thinks, and he was mighty pleased to find them on the tree Christmas morning. Ken's pajamas, in the top right hand corner, are blue. He wears to school the white blouse in the upper left corner, with his navy blue trousers and a blue tie. Underneath are his brown overcont and a cap to match. For cold days in school he has a nice warm grey sweater (which you will find in the lower right corner). The trousers with it are a darker grey, and the necktie is green.

HELPERS FOR SANTA CLAUS

(*Continued from page 87*)

And Mary Margaret said: "I did not know God would send me a brother, but I knew someone would come to see me for I have just finished a Novena.

"Someone has come to see you and someone is going to take you away to a real home, Mary Margaret, for our big sister, Jane Alice LaCroix, is married and has a fine home that she wants us to share, where she can take care of us both.

So that true story ended happily, but there are many orphans who need to be taught to laugh and Santa Claus wants boys and girls who have fathers and mothers to help him.

So Santa Claus has an assistant in New York City who will send you the name of an orphan child, whom you can help to make happy on Christmas Day.

Santa Claus' assistant will send you a letter from one of these little orphans—a letter which was sent to Santa Claus himself, asking for just one present which the little boy or girl would like. And you can make up a bundle and send it to Santa Claus assistant, and be sure that a real little orphan will be happy on Christmas Day because you were willing to help Santa Claus.

Send a letter or postal before it is too late to

George C. Crowley,
Santa Claus' Assistant,
511-513 E. 167 St.,
New York City.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FLOWER POSTER

(*See page 89*)

By E. De L. Burritt

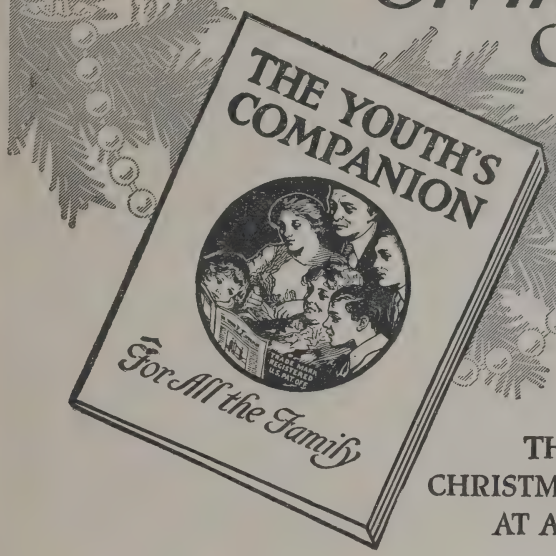
Make a tracing of the entire design. Use this as a pattern.

Cut the larger circle from pink or rose colored paper, and the smaller one from deep blue. The two birds and the small center of the flower should be bright yellow; the stem and leaves light green, and the dish deep blue.

Arrange all the pieces and paste on colored light brown heavy paper, or mounting board.

The design may be traced on white paper and colored with crayons if desired.

A Gift that keeps on Giving



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LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

Dear Children:

Being obedient is a stupid business, isn't it! It so often interferes with what we want to do, or compels us to do what somebody else thinks we should do at the very moment we don't want to do it. Sometimes, of course, we are sweet and pleasant about it, but sometimes we are not. I don't have to tell you what happens then. It has happened to me, and to you! Usually we end by wishing we too, were grown-ups, who never have to mind anybody.

And there we make a very big mistake, for grown-ups do have to mind. If they learned how when they were children, it doesn't make them unhappy to obey laws and do what they know is right; but if they don't know how to be obedient they can be as unhappy as any other child.

Perhaps you didn't know there was any "know-how" about being obedient. There is. And there is a jolly way of getting fun out of it, too. It's a sort of game you play with yourself — your two selves, I ought to say, because you have a good self and a bad self, and in this game all the points go to the good self who wins them over the bad. Hundreds of children are playing this game, and they call themselves the Little Folks Home Guards, banded together for a common cause — to make their homes happy by their own wise conduct.

It is very easy to say "I will be good," but it isn't always so simple to keep the promise, unless there is something to remind you now and then. The Home Guard has this something. It has six pledges, and the very first one of all is, "I will be obedient." It is the first one because obedience is the first and most necessary thing boys and girls should learn.

Obeying doesn't mean that you will mind more or less graciously when you get around to it. It means that you will do at once, without fussing, whatever Mother or your teacher asks you to, or, for that matter, anybody who has authority over you. For obedience is necessary at home and at school and in public places, and a good Home Guard plays the game wherever he or she may be.

Now about the game itself. The first thing to do is to say to yourself, "I will be obedient," and the second thing to do is to realize that you have made yourself a promise which you mean to keep. To play the game the Home Guard way the next thing to do is to write to Cousin Constance, Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., and tell her you would like to be enrolled as a member of the Home Guard Club. If you enclose five cents with your request, she will send you a Home Guard pin, which will remind you every time you see it that you are going to make and keep your home as happy as you possibly can. You may obtain a folder which will tell you much more about this delightful club than there is room for here, and which will explain all the rules of the game to you, and tell you exactly how to keep them, by sending a two cent stamp.

While you are waiting for Cousin Constance to answer your letter rule a sheet of notepaper into thirty squares (or use a calendar pad instead), one for each day of a month, and write across the top your promise to yourself: "I will be obedient."

Then proceed to keep your promise. If you find it difficult at first, don't be discouraged. If you fail, try again; you won't really have failed until you stop trying entirely. At the end of every day, if you feel that you have done your best and have succeeded, color the square for the day with a bright crayon. If you haven't kept your promise, leave the square uncolored, or, if you want to punish yourself, color it black!

Thirty days of successful promise-keeping will win for you the first of the six Club honors — a secret until you win it — and your name will be printed as an Honor Guard in the first available Home Guard talk. Mother has to sign

(*Continued on page 94*)

A Merry Christmas for that Boy of Yours!

Your boy's Christmas will be the happiest ever, if you will send him THE BOYS' MAGAZINE. **It is a gift that lasts a whole year.** This splendid magazine is chock full of just the kind of reading you want **your** boy to have. Clean, inspiring stories by the world's best writers. **Practical** and **instructive** departments devoted to Radio, Mechanics, Electricity, Athletics, Physical Training Stamp Collecting, Cartooning, etc., etc. Beautiful big pages with handsome covers in colors. A big lot of jokes and comic drawings.

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Name .....

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(*Continued from page 92*)

her name to your thirty-day record or to your letter asking for your honor, because she best knows whether you have put your honest effort into keeping your pledge. The folder explains all that in detail, so you really should have one.

Every time a Home Guard wins a new honor, he or she wins a new rank, as the Honor Guard List below shows. There is another thing about that list worthy of your notice: that is the number of names on it. It shows you that many children are finding it easy to be obedient.

Honor Guards

The list contains this month the names of Guards which should have appeared last month, and which lack of space made it necessary to omit. The names of Honor Guards for this month are included.

Star Guards:— Pearl Smith, Rebecca Causey, Elizabeth Warden, Zelma Frazee, Kathryn Blind, Mary Ann Stephan, Zelta Hoxie, Georgiemay Merriman, Jack Ballard, Ruth Culp, Catherine White, Kathleen Lindsay, Sara Locke, Lucile Beeghly, Elinor Kempf, Sylvia Kangas, Mary Brower, Helen Gordon, Master R. Rutledge, Lucy Dorrance, Lucy Person.

Home Guards:— Margaret Hall, Rebecca Causey, Zelma Frazee, Norma Weise, Clark Zimmerman, Mary Bell, Mary Starbuck, Sara Locke, Eva Mary Sheckler, Margaret Eastwood, Mary Ann Stephan, Georgieman Merrimay, Saima Kangas, Sylvia Kangas.

Sunshine Guards:— Margaret Hall, Rebecca Causey, Zelma Frazee, Norma Weise, Mary Ann Stephan, Sara Locke, Dorothy Thomas, Elinor Kempf, Saima Kangas, Margaret Eastwood, Sylvia Kangas, Mary Starbuck.

Jewel Guards:— Margaret Hall, Rebecca Causey, Zelma Frazee, Jack Ballard, Norma Weise, Sara Locke, Elinor Kempf, Ruth Ellingwood, Sylvia Kangas, Saima Kangas.

Pansy Guards:— Margaret Hall, Rebecca Causey, Zelma Frazee, Jack Ballard, Dorothy Thomas, Elinor Kempf, Saima Kangas, Sylvia Kangas.

Life Guards:— Margaret Hall, Rebecca Causey, Zelma Frazee, Clark Zimmerman, Mary Crawford, Murriel McGaffee, Pearl Smith, Mary Frances Averill, Norma Weise, Saima Kangas.

Citizen Guard:— Dorothy Crowe.

Three cheers for Dorothy Crowe, Guards! She has kept her seventh pledge and won her Citizenship honor, the highest the Club can bestow! Dorothy lives in Littleton, New Hampshire, and she has done splendid work. I'm sure we all offer her our heartiest congratulations, and wish her success wherever she goes and whatever she does. At least we can feel sure she will be a worthy Guard all her life.

Will Margaret Magee, who sent her address as Bethany, Mo., please write to Cousin Constance, and send her full correct address? Mail addressed to her has been returned.

I regret that we haven't space this month for the Star reports that were crowded out of last month's meeting — and they were some of the finest, too. Next month we shall try very hard to make room for them, for they are too good to miss, and the Stars sending them are a credit to our Club. Next month, too, we will report several newly formed Stars for which there is no room here. Star Secretary, re-read last month's instructions to you, and remember the report you are asked to send. (Here is chance to remember your first pledge, for we must have reports regularly if our Stars are to be worthwhile clubs. You will do your part, I'm sure.)

There is plenty of room in the Home Guard for any children who want to join. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to the magazine in order to be a member, and there is no age limit, so come in now! And a merry, merry Christmas!

Lovingly,

"Cousin Constance"

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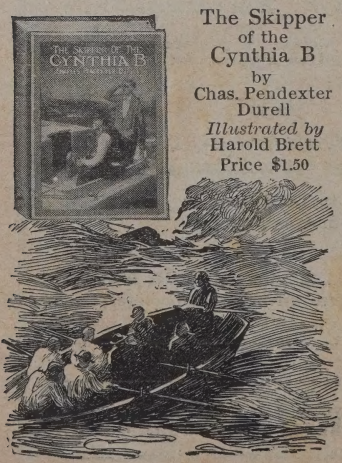

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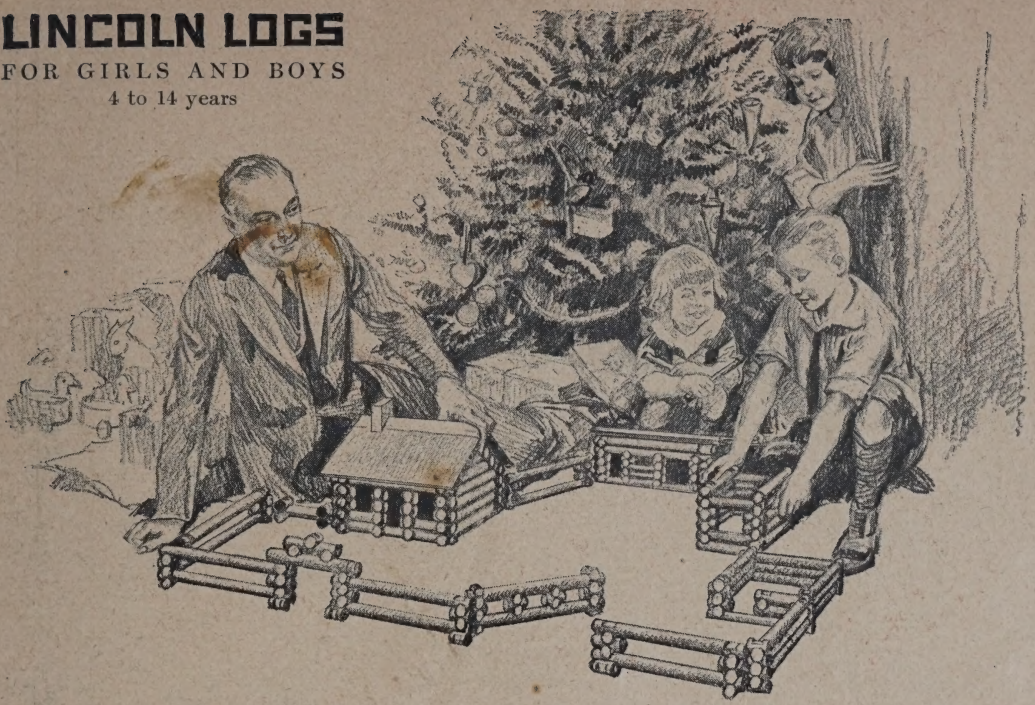

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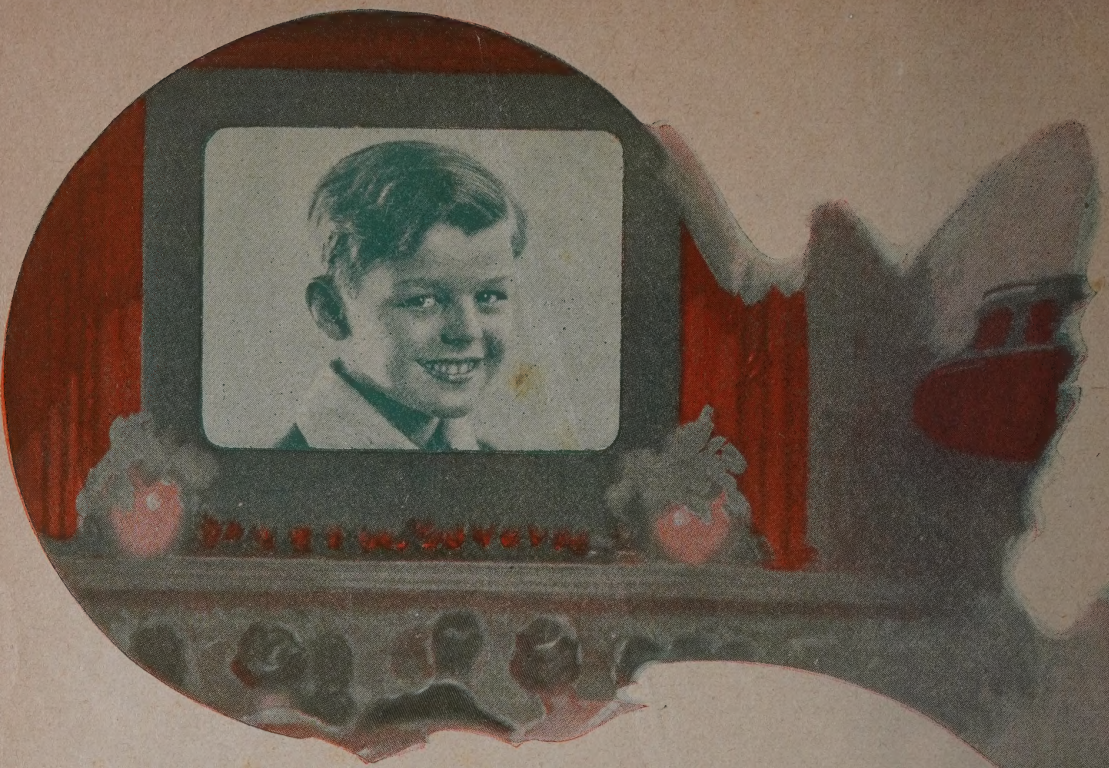

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